

NOVEMBER

No. 7

10¢

# CRACK COMICS

FEATURING  
THE CLOCK



THE BLACK CONDOR



JANE ARDEN



ALIAS THE SPIDER



MOLLY THE MODEL





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# The BLACK CONDOR

BY  
KENNETH  
LEWIS

SOARING ABOVE THE CLOUDS,  
THE BLACK CONDOR BATTLES  
THE FORCES OF EVIL...  
FIGHTING THE WAQUO  
INDIANS, HE NIPS THEIR  
SCHEME OF DESTROYING  
THE WHITE MAN.

AND THIS IS THE  
WAQUO AMULET,  
BELIEVED TO HOLD  
THE POWER OF THE  
ANCIENT AND NOW  
EXTINCT WAQUO  
INDIAN TRIBE.  
THERE'S A FANTASTIC  
LEGEND  
ABOUT  
IT!

GEORGE ALLISON, HISTORIAN  
AND EXPLORER IS SHOWING  
HIS TROPHIES TO A FRIEND.

GO ON, GEORGE, TELL  
ME THE STORY....  
YOU'RE A GREAT ONE  
FOR TALL TALES, BUT  
I ENJOY HEARING  
THEM!

THE WAQUOS HAD AN IDOL.  
A GIANT FIGURE THAT  
WAS GIVEN THE POWER  
OF MOTION WHEN THE  
AMULET WAS PLACED  
IN ITS CHEST. THEY  
PLANNED TO DESTROY  
THE WHITE MAN  
WITH IT!

OF COURSE  
IT'S JUST A  
MYTH, BUT  
THE STONE  
IS VERY  
VALUABLE,  
IF NOT  
DANGEROUS

LATE THAT NIGHT ALLISON  
IS ALONE IN HIS STUDY.





A HIDEOUS  
PRIMITIVE  
FACE  
WATCHES  
THE  
EXPLORER  
SILENTLY.



SLOWLY THE CREATURE  
CREEPS FORWARD.



A BRIEF BUT FATAL  
STRUGGLE ENSUES.



AND IN THE MORNING.



POLICE SURROUND THE HOUSE,  
BUT FIND NO CLUE. SUDDENLY  
A STRANGE FIGURE APPEARS  
IN THE SKY.



THE BLACK CONDOR SLINKS  
UNNOTICED INTO THE ROOM OF THE MURDER.



THERE  
MUST  
BE  
SOME-  
THING  
THAT  
MAY  
LEAD  
ME TO  
THE  
KILLER!



AH! A FEATHER TORN  
OFF IN THE FIGHT. AN  
INDIAN FEATHER!



AN INDIAN'S PAINTED  
FEATHER AND THE STOLEN  
WAQUO AMULET. THE TWO  
ADD UP. I GUESS THE  
TRIBE ISN'T EXTINCT!



THE MURDERER FINDS HIS WAY  
BLOCKED AT THE R.R. STATIONS...



BUS TERMINALS ARE  
HEAVILY GUARDED BUT  
HE MUST GO WEST...



SUDDENLY, AN IDEA  
STRIKES HIM AS A  
TRAMP COMES  
WHISTLING BY...



OUT OF THE SHADOWS SHOUTS  
AN ARM... THERE IS A SHORT  
SCUFFLE...



AND THE RAGGED CLOTHES  
HAVE CHANGED OWNERS...



THE HOBO JUNGLES ALONG THE  
TRACKS OFFER A REFUGE FOR  
THE HUNTED WAQUO...



WHEN A GUY DON'T  
TALK, HE'S GOT  
SOMETHIN' TO  
HIDE! WE LIKE  
SOCIAL MEN IN  
DIS ORGANIZATION!



WE'LL FIND  
OUT WHAT'S  
BITIN'  
HIM!



UNFRIENDLY SORT  
OF CHAR, AIN'T YOU?  
KIND OF EXCLUSIVE!  
WELL, WE DON'T  
TOLERATE CLASS  
DISTINCTION  
HERE, SEE?



COME ON, FELLAS,  
FRISK HIM!





A SWIFT BLOW KNOCKS THE TRAMP'S HAT FROM HIS HEAD, REVEALING THE BLACK CONDOR



IF IT'S TROUBLE YOU'RE LOOKING FOR..



NOW, DAT'S DOWNRIGHT RUDE! RUSH HIM, MEN!



SORRY YOU DON'T LIKE ME, GENTLEMEN!



THE WHOLE JUNGLE COLONY COMES DOWN UPON HIM, GRIMEY FISTS FLYING..



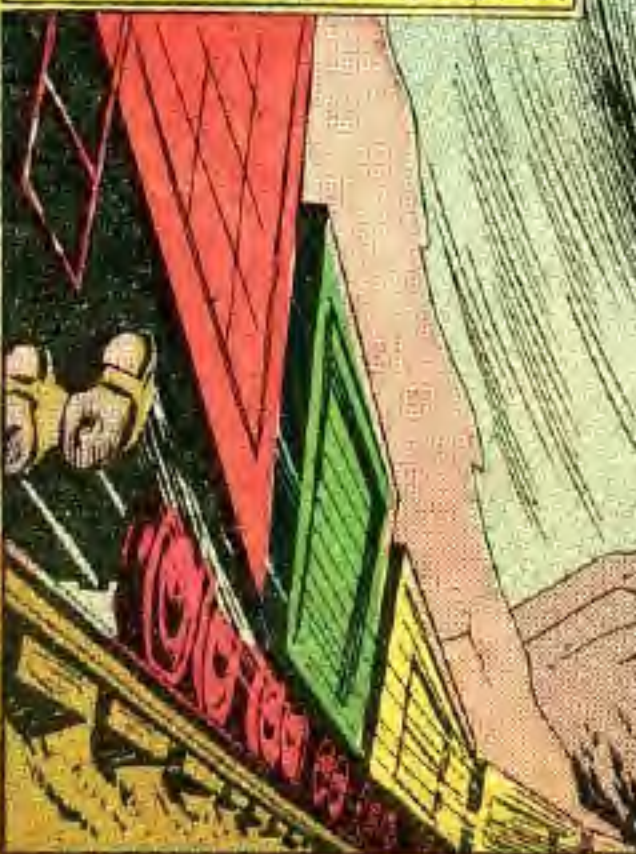
BUT ONE OF THEM HAS LEFT THE CLEARING AND HEADS FOR THE WOODS..



WHILE THE CONDOR IS KEPT BUSY, THE LITTLE INDIAN ESCAPES... A FREIGHT ROARS BY.



AND THE WAQUO HOPS IT..



THE LAST ONE! AND I SEE MY WACKY PAL GOT AWAY!





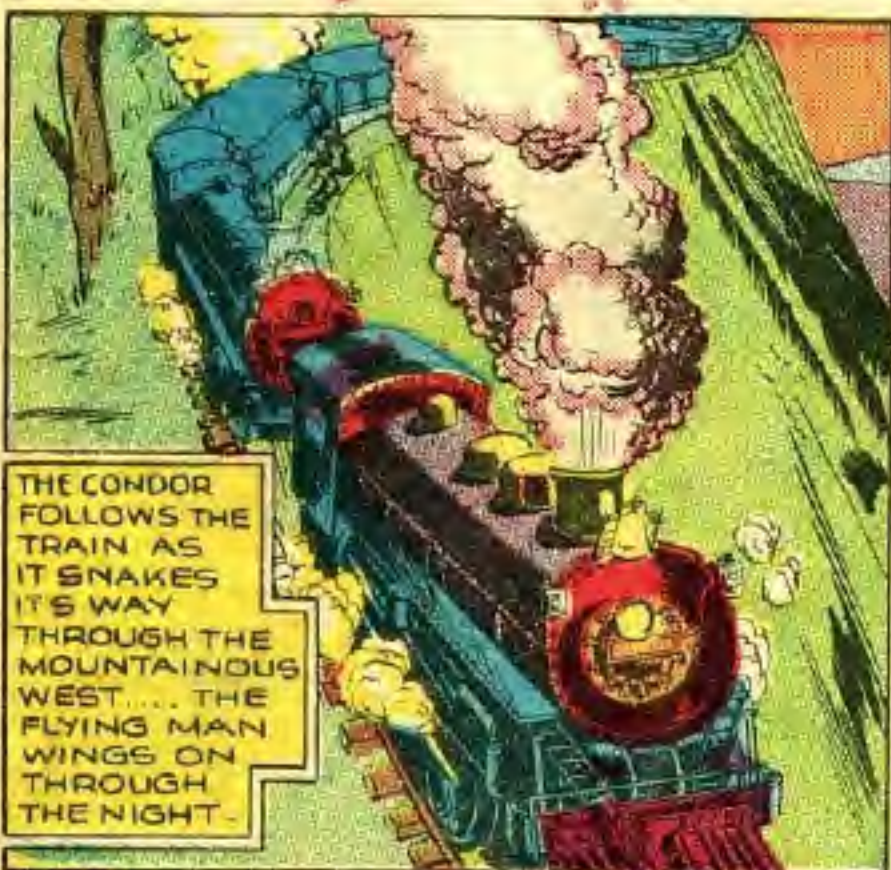
THE BLACK CONDOR SOARS UP TO A WATER TANK



HE MUST HAVE JUMPED THAT WESTERN TRAIN... I'VE GOT TO FOLLOW HIM... HE'LL LEAD ME TO THE SOURCE OF THIS THING!



PERHAPS THE WAQUO IDOL REALLY DOES EXIST!

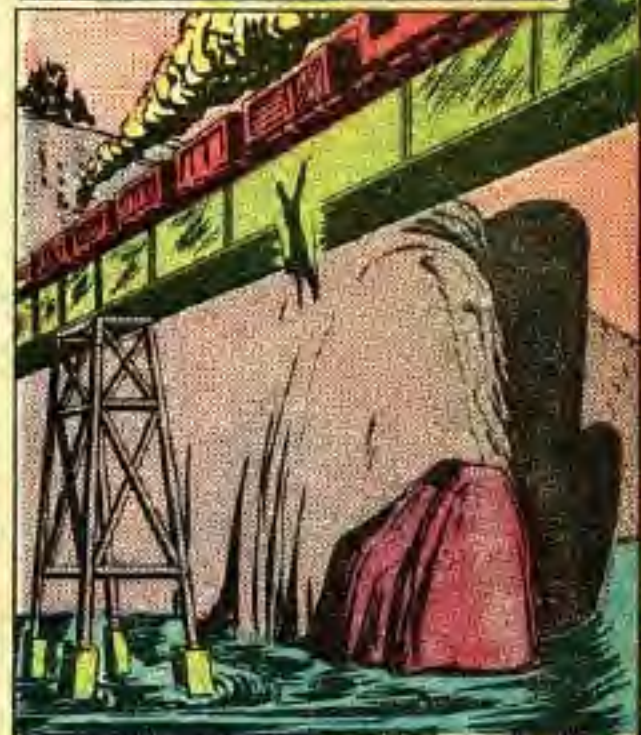


THE CONDOR FOLLOWS THE TRAIN AS IT SNAKES ITS WAY THROUGH THE MOUNTAINOUS WEST... THE FLYING MAN WINGS ON THROUGH THE NIGHT

THE WAQUO IS NOT CONCERNED WITH THE HUGE BIRD THAT HOVERS OVER HEAD



AS THE TRAIN RUMBLES ACROSS A STEEP GORGE, HE JUMPS.



HE'S VANISHED BENEATH THE WATER!



HE'S NOT HERE!! BUT HE CAN'T BE DEAD! HE MUST HAVE HAD A REASON FOR DIVING FROM THAT BRIDGE!

HIS LUNGS ALMOST BURSTING FROM LACK OF AIR, THE BLACK CONDOR DISCOVERS A TUNNEL LEADING OFF FROM THE BED OF THE RIVER.





AT LAST HE EMERGES INTO  
THE COOL AIR OF A DARK  
CAVERN.

THIS IS THE WAY  
HE MUST HAVE  
COME!

VOICES! SOMEONE  
SHOUTING IN INDIAN  
LANGUAGE!

AT THE END OF A WINDING  
PASSAGE, HE SEES A LIGHT.

THEY SOUND  
HAPPY ABOUT  
SOMETHING!

I HAVE BROUGHT  
THE CHARM, OH  
GREAT CHIEF,  
FROM THE LAND  
OF TOWERS... I  
HAVE KILLED THE  
WHITE MAN!

AT LAST WE WILL  
SEND THE WHITE  
DESTROYER FROM  
THIS LAND.. THE  
GREAT YAHU  
WILL COME TO  
LIFE AND BRING  
OUR POWER  
BACK TO US!

HE MOVES!  
YAHU  
MOVES!

THE GIANT FIGURE  
SLOWLY STALKS  
FORWARD. IT  
SEEMS TO  
HAVE A  
PURPOSE  
IN ITS  
MOVEMENT.

STRAIGHT TO THE CONDOR IT  
GOES.. ARMS OUTSTRETCHED  
FOR THE KILL.

OH NO YOU  
DON'T!

THE CONDOR  
FLIES UP, BUT  
THE MONSTER  
SEIZES HIM..



LIFTING THE BIRDMAN IN ITS POWERFUL ARMS, THE CLAY MONSTER CARRIES HIM BEFORE THE CHIEF



NOW, YOU WHITE BIRD, YOU WILL DIE! NO MAN WILL STOP US NOW!



LET HIM FALL IN THE PIT OF GIANT BATS!



THE BLACK CONDOR IS TIED ABOVE A TRAP DOOR... THE ROPE STRAINS UNDER HIS WEIGHT.



MEANWHILE, THE INDIANS PREPARE FOR THEIR CONQUEST



WHAT A PLEASANT OUTLOOK! SOON THIS ROPE WILL SNAP... I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!

GO, GREAT YAHU, TO THE TOWNS AND VILLAGES

THE TOWERING FIGURE LUMBERS OMINOUSLY ALONG THE ROAD.



A SPEEDING CAR MEETS WITH ITS TERRIBLE WRATH AND IS CRUSHED RUTHLESSLY.



UPON A QUIET LITTLE TOWN FALLS THE SHADOW OF DESTRUCTION.



WHILE ABOVE THE BAT PIT, THE ROPE BEGINS TO GIVE.



IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!



IN ANOTHER MOMENT THE BLACK CONDOR DROPS INTO THE DARK PIT.



AS THE GIANT WINGS FLAP ABOUT HIM, HE STRUGGLES DESPERATELY TO LOOSE HIS BINDINGS.



WHEW! AT LAST! I ALMOST WAS A DEAD BIRD THAT TIME!



FREE, HE SWEEPS INTO THE MIDST OF THE HIDEOUS FLYING RODENTS.



HIS BEATING FISTS PROVE POWERFUL WEAPONS AGAINST THE SHARP TEETH OF THE BATS!



WITH PIERCING, ALMOST HUMAN SHRIEKS, THE HUGE BATS FALL TO THE BOTTOMLESS DEPTHS OF THE PIT.



WHITE MAN DEAD BY THIS TIME! HEAR SCREAMS... GOOD! YAHOO SOON BE BACK!



BUT, FROM THE PIT SHOOT THE BLACK CONDOR TO THEIR SURPRISED DISMAY.



I SHOOT! I KILL!

BEFORE THE ARROW LEAVES THE BOW, BOTH INDIANS ARE TOSSED INTO THE BAT PIT.





OVER THE TOWN, NOW A SMOKING SHAMBLE, SOARS THE CONDOR.



RELENTLESSLY, THE GREAT YAHU MARCHES ON. HIS HAMMERING BLOWS DESTROYING EVERYTHING IN HIS PATH.



THE BLACK CONDOR SWEEPS DOWN AND BLASTS THE GIANT IDOL WITH HIS BLACK RAY.



BUT IT HAS NO EFFECT, YAHU COUNTERS WITH A SLASHING BLOW.



I FORGOT! THE AMULET! AS LONG AS HE WEARS THAT, I AM POWERLESS TO HARM HIM!



BRAVING THE MONSTER'S WRATH, HE FLIES BY AND PLUCKS THE CHARM FROM YAHU'S THROAT.



AND THE LAST HOPE OF THE WAQUO INDIANS CRUMBLES TO DUST AMONG THE RUINS.



THROWING THE ILL-FATED AMULET ALOFT, THE CONDOR SMASHES IT WITH HIS BLACK RAY.



WITH THAT, THE BLACK CONDOR SOARS ON TO MYSTERIOUS THRILLING NEW ADVENTURES.





# MOLLY THE MODEL



LOOKIT TH' SIZE OF HIM, DANNY— HE CAN'T FIGHT A LICK, BUT I'M GONNA BULD HIM INTO ANOTHER CARNERA



I WANT NA T'SPAR A BIT WITH HIM TO GIVE HIM CONFIDENCE AN' BREAK HIM IN!

BUT, I HAD A DATE WITH MOLLY, NIFTY—



IT'LL ONLY TAKE A FEW MINUTES— I WANNA JUST TAKE THE SHYNESS OUTA HIM!

GO AHEAD, DANNY— I DON'T MIND WAITING!



LISTEN, DANNY— I'LL TELL HIM ANYTHING GOES— SO HE'LL FEEL CONFIDENT AN' TRY HIS BEST—

IT'S A GOOD THING HE CAN'T BOX— WITH HIS SIZE!



NOW GET INTO THE RING, BEPPO— AND REMEMBER— ANYTHING GOES!

ANYTING GOES, SI?



HMM— MUCHO COMPH— SI SI!

CLANG



SENROR NEEFTY, YOU SURE YOU MEAN ANYTING GOES?

SURE SURE— ANYTHING, SO AHEAD!



NOKAY! — FIRST I GEEVE DEES NICE SENORITA BEEG KEEES!

HUN?



FIGHT BEEES GOOD— PRINCE BEEES BETTER— BUT LOVE BEEES WONDERFUL!

LET ME GO!

I JUST HAVE T'DO THIS!



NOW, LOOK— LOOK WHAT YOU DID TO MY INVESTMENT!

WELL— LOOK WHAT YOUR INVESTMENT DID TO MY MAKEUP!

AND LOOK AT MY HAND— IT'S SWELLING LIKE A BALLOON!



# MOLLY THE MODEL

HELLO, MOLLY—YES—YOU WANT ME TO COME DOWN TO THE SHOP!

YES, POP WILL YOU BRING MY MAKEUP BOX DOWN TO THE BONTON SHOP—I'M MODELING GOWNS HERE—AND HURRY, POP!



MOLLY SAID IF SHE'S NOT RIGHT HERE T'SIT AND WAIT—

GASTON—I THINK IT'S BOMBO, THE BIG BUYER FROM BOSTON!

WE MUST GET HIS ORDER!



A SPECIAL FASHION PARADE FOR YOU, SIR—I'M SURE YOU WILL BE PLEASED!

YEAH, I THINK SO!



IS THERE ANY PARTICULAR STYLE—ANY MODEL YOU PREFER, SIR?

I KINDA LIKE THAT ONE!



HA HA—YOU'EST, SIR—BUT MAYBE SHE WILL HAVE DINNER WITH YOU!



TOO BAD YOU'RE LATE, MOLLY—I JUST NAILED A BIG BUYER FOR A DINNER DATE AND A FAT COMMISSION!



WELL, WHERE TO, BIG BOY—THE RITZMORE?

LET'S GO TO MOE'S WAGON—I'VE GOT A MEAL TICKET THERE!



SUZZLE YOUR JAVA, CUTIE—WE GOTTA GET MOVIN'!

BUT—WHERE ARE WE GOING?



AND WHAT'S THE RUSH?

WE HAVE TO GET TO THE MOVIES—



BEFORE THE PRICES CHANGE!

OH! THIS IS TOO MUCH—GOOD BYE!



HEY—WAIT A MINUTE—I THOUGHT I WANTED TWO PLACES?

I DO, BUT NOT WITH YOU—YOU PENNYARCADE PLAYBOY!





# OFF THE RECORD By ED REED.





# THE SPACE Legion

by  
YERN



ROCK BRADDON, HERO OF THE SPACE LEGION, USES HIS STRENGTH AND COURAGE IN A CONSTANT BATTLE AGAINST THE EVILS OF A FUTURE WORLD...



WHIRLING OVER SUPER HIGHWAYS OF "METROPOLIS" CAPTAIN BRADDON HEARS AN INTERESTING NEWS FLASH...



DR. KLEIN, FAMOUS CHEMIST, VANISHES!

A FIGURE LOOMS IN FRONT OF THE CAR... MAGNETIC BRAKES SCREAM AS THE JUGGERNAUT HURTTLES THE RAMP...



ROCK LEAPS FROM HIS FALLING CAR AND CLUTCHES WILDLY FOR THE BROKEN GUARD-RAIL

CLIMBING BACK TO THE ROAD HE CONFRONTS THE PEDESTRIAN...



COLD SWEAT COVERS ROCK'S FACE AS HE STARES INTO A PAIR OF STRANGELY LIFELESS EYES...



BRADDON TAKES HIM TO THE LEGION BASE WHERE DOCTORS EXAMINE THE STRICKEN MAN...





GENTLEMEN, DOCTOR CALEB HAS BEEN ROBBED OF EVERY ATOM OF KNOWLEDGE... THIS CASE IS BEYOND THE REALM OF MEDICAL SCIENCE!



LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR THE SPACE LEGION.. WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, ROCK?



SOMEONE IS INTENT ON DESTROYING EVERY GREAT BRAIN IN THE WORLD, CHIEF! WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM!

WHEN ROCK LEAVES, HE FAILS TO SEE A GROTESQUE, HUNCHBACK FIGURE FOLLOW HIM...



SOMEWHERE IN THIS CITY THERE IS A MADMAN I MUST DESTROY!



A PASSER-BY SEES THE HUNCHBACK CREEPING FROM THE SHADOWS..



HELP!



WHAT TH'!

THAT MAN!



THE HUNCHBACK WHIPS OUT A GUN-LIKE CONTAINER.. A CLOUD OF GAS ENVELOPES ROCK AND THE GIRL

GET BACK! UGH!



A SLEEK ROCKET CAR ROLLS UP...

BAH! I DIDN'T WANT TWO OF THEM, GOR... ONLY CAPTAIN BRADDON!



WELL, GET THEM INSIDE QUICK, FOOL... WE MUST GET OUT OF HERE!





AFTER A LONG DRIVE THE CAR STOPS IN FRONT OF A LOW BUILDING..



THEY HAVEN'T RECOVERED FROM THE GAS YET... COME, WE'LL TAKE THEM TO THE LABORATORY!



ROCK AWAKENS TO FIND HIMSELF SECURELY BOUND..



AH! YOU ARE AWAKE, CAPTAIN BRADDON?



I'VE BROUGHT YOU HERE BECAUSE I NEED YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF SPACE STRATEGY!



WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU CAN FORCE INFORMATION OUT OF ME?

MY DEAR CAPTAIN, I POSSESS THE KNOWLEDGE OF SOME OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST MEN OF SCIENCE.. YOU SHALL HAVE THE RARE PRIVILEGE OF SEEING MY METHOD OF ACQUIRING THIS KNOWLEDGE!



GOR! BRING IN PROFESSOR KLEIN, AND PREPARE THE APPARATUS!



YES, MASTER!

SOON AN INTRICATE MAZE OF WIRES CONNECTS THE HEAD OF DR. KLEIN TO THAT OF THE "MASTER BRAIN"



ALL IS READY—THROW THE SWITCH, GOR!

BEHOLD! MY BRAIN-STEALING MACHINE! THIS SHALL MAKE ME THE MASTER MIND OF THE UNIVERSE!



YOU...! YOU ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THOSE SCIENTISTS!



ELECTRIC SPARKS CRACKLE FROM THE MACHINERY.... THE VICTIM'S FACE IS TRANSFORMED TO A HIDEOUS MASK...









GOR WILL KILL HIM..I MUST MAKE MY ESCAPE!



THIS TIME YOU'LL STAY DOWN!



I'M GOING AFTER THAT BRAIN MASTER..CALL THE SPACE LEGION!

BE CAREFUL!

ROCK RELEASES THE GIRL...

... HE DASHES DOWN THE PASSAGE WAY JUST AS A STRATA-PLANE TAKES OFF...



MY ONLY CHANCE!



HE'S HEADING INTO SPACE..I'VE GOT TO GET INSIDE, QUICK!



YOUR EVIL WORK IS DONE..YOU CAN'T ESCAPE!



AS THE TWO MEN STRUGGLE DESPERATELY, THE SHIP PLUNGES EARTHWARD, OUT OF CONTROL..



A FIGURE IS HURLED FROM THE SHIP AND FALLS TO HIS DOOM...



THE SHIP LANDS SAFELY AND ROCK BRADDON STEPS OUT



OH..THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE SAFE!

ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK, LADY, NEXT JOB MIGHT BE A LOT TOUGHER!



# MADAM FATAL



IN THE HOME OF JOHN D. GARR, INDUSTRIALIST AND FINANCIER, ALL IS QUIET AS THE WEALTHY MAN GOES OVER BUSINESS MATTERS...

NOW - WHAT'S THIS?!



SUDDENLY THE ROOM IS FILLED WITH A WEIRD MIST...

A MOMENT LATER THERE IS A CRACKLING AND TERRIFYING SOUND...



LATER WHEN THE BODY OF GARR IS EXAMINED BY THE POLICE...

THIS MAN WAS KILLED BY LIGHTNING!

LIGHTNING? ON A CLEAR NIGHT LIKE THIS... WELL-I'LL BE...



THE FOLLOWING DAY AS ROBERT M. GARR, WEALTHY WALL STREET BROKER IS ON HIS WAY DOWNTOWN...

LATER... AT THE HOME OF RICHARD STANTON, FAMOUS CELEBRITY INTERVIEWER WHO PLAYS THE ROLE OF MADAM FATAL...

SEEMS SOMEONE WANTS TO DO AMY WITH ALL THE GARRS. OH-OH...THERE'S THE PHONE!



STANTON? THIS IS FIELDING GARR... I'M IN DANGER - COME OVER QUICK!



THERE'S GARR IN HIS ROOM... I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!!











THERE IT IS... THE HOUSE OF TERROR-I WONDER WHY THEY CALL IT THAT... NOTHING TERRIFYING ABOUT IT!



WOW-NO ONE AROUND... BUT! WHAT'S THAT DON'T THE FLOORS SEEM TO BE SHAKING AND THERE'S A RUMBLING NOISE AS IF POWERFUL DYNAMOS WERE NEAR HERE!



SO THAT'S WHY PEOPLE ARE AFRAID TO COME NEAR THIS PLACE... THINK IT'S HAUNTED OH-OH! FOOTSTEPS... BETTER HIDE!

A MAN ENTERS... GOING TO A CORNER OF THE ROOM HE OPENS A TRAPDOOR...



AH! THE NOISE IS LOUDER NOW... SO THE HIDEOUT IS DOWN THERE - HERE'S WHERE I FOLLOW HIM!

AT A SAFE DISTANCE NADAM DOTAL HELD ON THE GANGSTER DOWN A ROPE LADDER...



LUCKY LANDING!



THEY'RE UP AHEAD IN THIS TUNNEL... GOT TO GET A LITTLE CLOSER...



SO YOU WON'T TELL US WHERE YOUR FATHER'S SECURITIES ARE, EHT OMAY BOO, BRING THE GREEN BOX HERE!!



YOU MAY AS WELL KNOW HOW THE OTHER RICH GARRO DIED!



IN THIS BOX I HAVE SUCCEEDED IN HARNESSING MILLIONS OF VOLTS OF ELECTRIC CURRENT... I INTENDED TO SELL THESE TO INDUSTRY TO BE USED FOR STEAMSHIPS AND PLANES ETC!



BUT MEN WERE AFRAID THAT I'D REVOLUTIONIZE THE POWER PLANT INDUSTRY! HOWEVER, WHEN I COMPLETED MY INVENTION I FOUND IT WAS USELESS COMMERCIALY!

SO YOU TURNED TO TERRIFYING RICH MEN INTO GIVING YOU A SHARE OF THEIR BUSINESS AND THEN KILLED THEM!!



YES-WHEN ALL THOSE MEN BY THE NAME OF GARRO DIED BY LIGHTNING ON CLEAR DAYS, THE POLICE WERE BAFLED... HA-HA!





WHEN I GIVE THE SIGNAL  
LET HIM HAVE IT LIGHTLY—  
HE MIGHT CHANGE  
HIS MIND!



AT THE SIGNAL, A BLINDING, CRACKLING  
FLASH ECHOES THROUGH THE CAVE AS  
THE GANGSTER THROWS THE SWITCH...



WELL—?

N-NO!



USH!

SUDDENLY THERE IS A SHARP WHIZZ  
AND A ROCK FINDS ITS MARK.



WHAT TH—!!  
AN OLD LADY—  
HOW DID SHE  
GET DOWN  
HERE IT?

IT'S THE GHOST  
OF THE OLD LADY  
WHO USED TO OWN  
THE HOUSE OF  
TERROR, BOSS!



BAH! IT'S THAT MEDDLER  
MADAM FATAL—I'VE  
HEARD OF HER...  
THIS'LL FIX HER!!



OW!

BEFORE THE ELECTRICAL WIZARD  
CAN FIRE, MADAM FATAL MAKES A  
LIGHTNING MOVE.



WITH AMAZING SPEED, MADAM FATAL  
KEEPS THROWING A STEADY STREAM  
OF ROCKS.

BOSS! SHE'S AIMIN'  
TO RUIN THE POWER  
MOTOR—



TURN THE  
GREEN  
BOX ON  
HER—  
THAT'LL  
MOW HER  
DOWN,  
HA-HA!

BOSS!  
THOSE  
ROCKS  
HIT THE  
LIGHT  
SWITCH!



A MOMENT LATER CRACKLING BOLTS OF  
ELECTRICITY FILL THE ENTIRE CAVE  
AS THE DEADLY DEVICE IS TURNED  
ON MADAM FATAL.



BUT A SECOND BEFORE, MADAM  
FATAL MAKES A DASH FOR  
SAFETY.





Follow the mysterious adventures of Madam Fatal in the December issue of CRACK COMICS.



# The RED TORPEDO

BY  
ROY  
LARKEN

EX-CAPTAIN IN THE U.S.N., HIS SELF-NAVIGATING TORPEDO THE MOST POWERFUL WEAPON AFLOAT, THE MASKED AND MYSTERIOUS RED TORPEDO SAILS THE SEVEN SEAS.

AVENGING CRIMES AND PUNISHING THE GUILTY, HE IS A VERITABLE ROBIN HOOD OF THE DEEP.

SAY, THAT LOOKS LIKE MY OLD ENEMY, THE BLACK SHARK! WHAT IS HE UP TO NOW? I'LL HAVE TO LOOK INTO THIS.

INTO MY SUBMARINE YOU GO! I'LL SELL YOU TO THE KING OF THE CAVERNS.

I'LL JUST KEEP ON HIS TAIL!

HE FELL FOR MY SCHEME! HE'S FOLLOWING ME LIKE A DOG!

HE'S DESCENDING FARTHER INTO THE SEA THAN I'VE EVER GONE. THIS SHOULD BE INTERESTING!

THE "SHARK" DISAPPEARS INTO A CAVE

INCANDESCENT FISH LIGHT THE LONG, WINDING TUNNEL

SUDDENLY!

MY SHIP IS STALLED! I'LL HAVE TO SEE WHAT'S WRONG!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M IN FOR, BUT HERE GOES?





SEAWEED!  
IT'LL TAKE  
HOURS TO  
FREE THE  
PROPELLER!



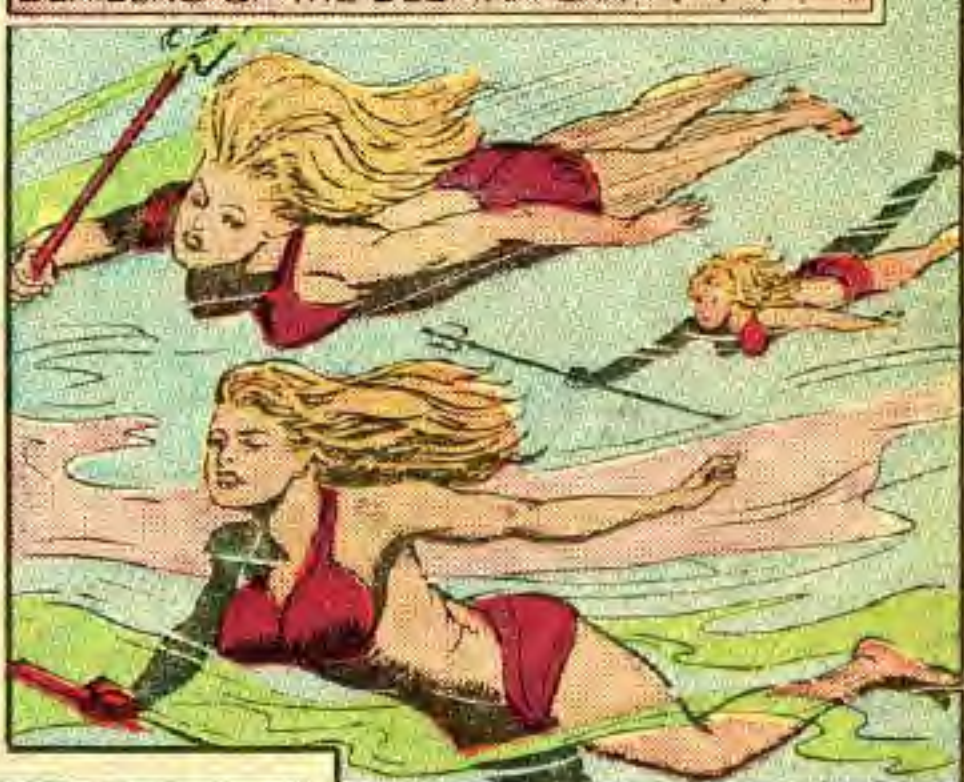
A STRANGE MONSTER WATCHES THE  
RED TORPEDO AS HE HACKS AWAY  
AT THE WEED.



SUDDENLY IT ATTACKS. SHARP, STEEL-LIKE CLAWS  
CLOSE ON THE RED TORPEDO.



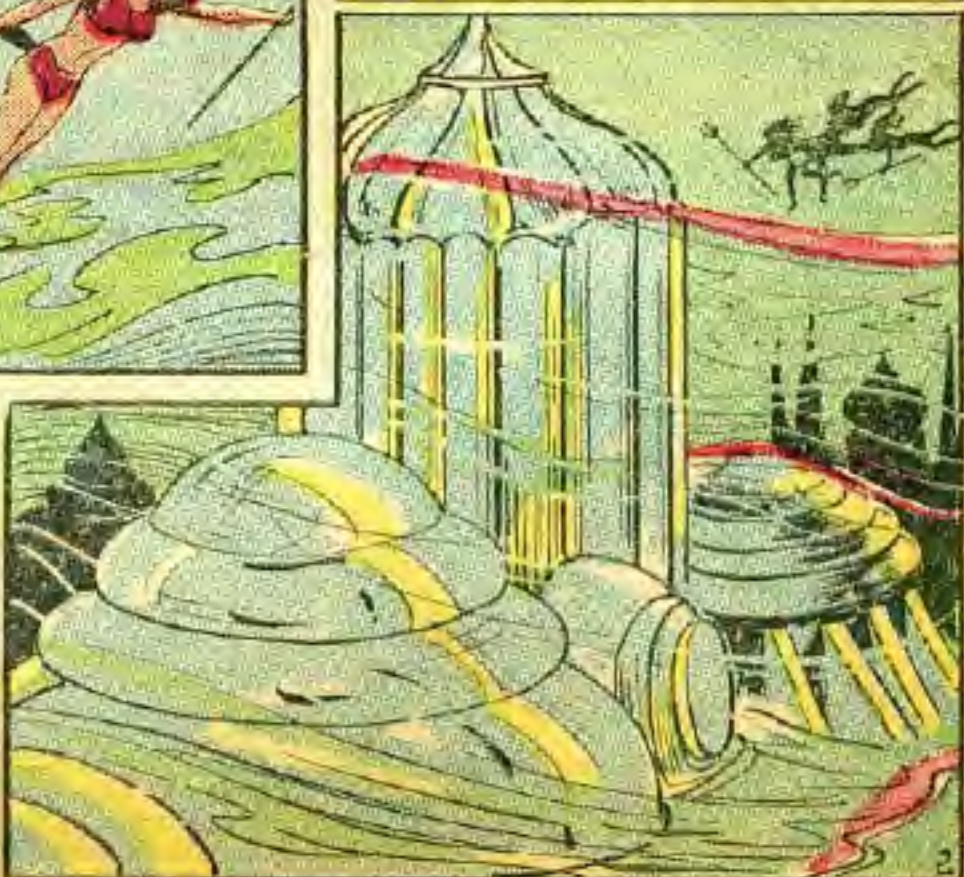
HELP ARRIVES. THREE MERMAZONS, FIGHTING  
DENIZENS OF THE DEEP, APPEAR.



AND MAKE SHORT WORK OF  
THE MONSTERS.



THE MERMAZONS CARRY THE  
UNCONSCIOUS RED TORPEDO  
TO THEIR CRYSTAL CITADEL.





THE RED TORPEDO SOON REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS.

OH, MY HEAD! WHERE'S MY SHIP? SAY, WHERE ARE YOU WOMEN FROM??



YOU ARE IN THE CITADEL OF MEREZONIA, RULED BY QUEEN KLITRA. YOU ARE HERE FOR A SPECIAL SERVICE!



KLITRA TELLS THE RED TORPEDO OF HER ENEMY, THE CRUEL KING OF THE CAVERNS.



MEANWHILE, THE BLACK SHARK TAKES OVER THE TORPEDO'S SHIP.



THIS IS JUST WHAT WE NEED TO ATTACK MEREZONIA.



YOUR MAJESTY, I HAVE CAPTURED THE RED TORPEDO'S POWERFUL CRAFT!

UP TO NOW, WE HAVE BEEN HELPLESS, BUT WITH THAT PROW WE CAN EASILY SMASH THE CRYSTAL WALLS OF MEREZONIA.

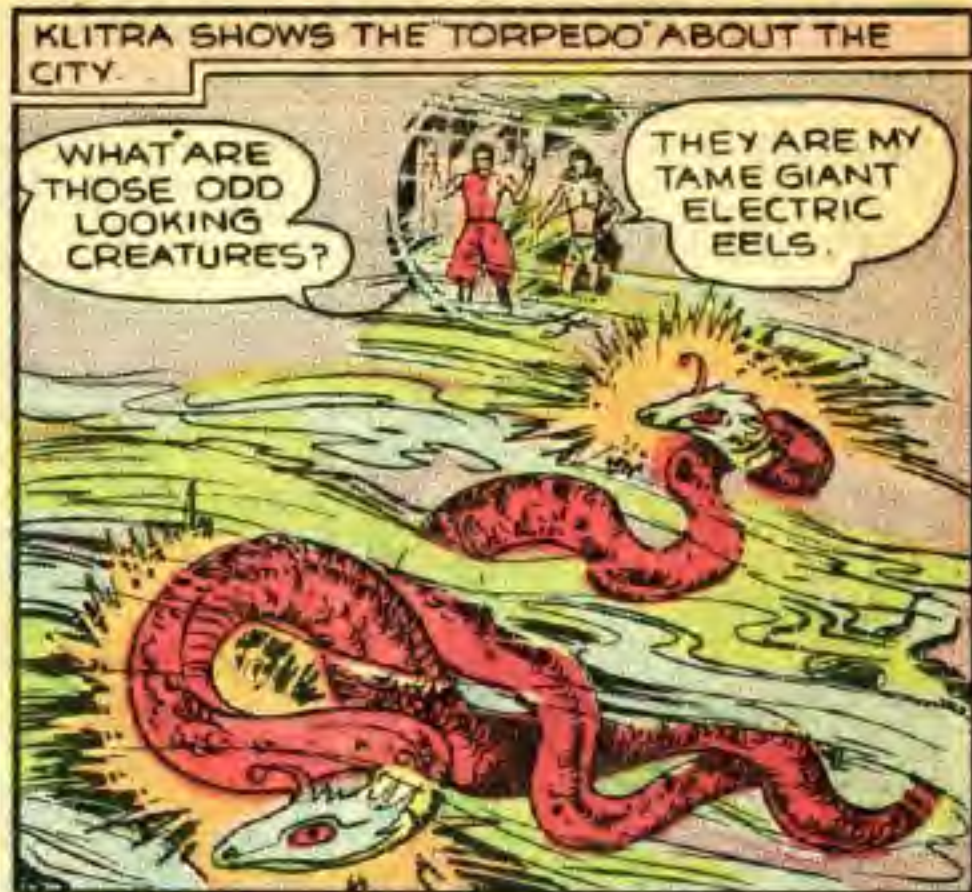


WHEN YOU HAVE PIERCED THEIR DOME, I SHALL SEND MY TROOPS TO INVADE THE CITADEL!



THE BLACK SHARK HAS GONE TO PREPARE THE WAY. BE READY TO FOLLOW!





THE RED TORPEDO PLACES THE EELS SO THAT THE BLACK SHARK IS COMPELLED TO SAIL BETWEEN THEM.



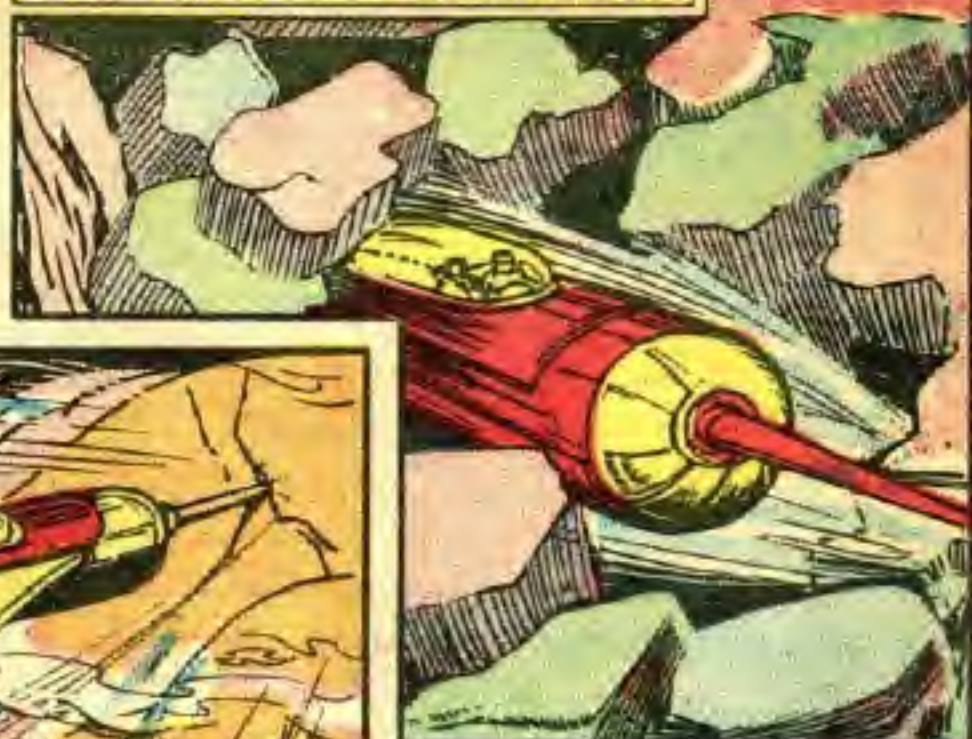


WITH THE SHARK A PRISONER, THE RED TORPEDO TAKES KLITRA ABOARD HIS SHIP.

THE RED TORPEDO, AVOIDING THE ENTANGLING SEAWEED, CRASHES THE CAVERN.

I WILL SHOW YOU A SPOT IN THE CAVERN, WEAK ENOUGH FOR YOU TO CRASH THROUGH!

O.K., I'LL TACKLE THIS KING OF THE CAVERNS!



HERE COMES THE SHARK! IT DIDN'T TAKE HIM LONG!

THE RED TORPEDO CRAWLS OUT...

THE RED TORPEDO! HELP!



GOOD BYE, YOUR MAJESTY!

GOOD BYE, CAPTAIN, AND THANKS YOU HAVE BROUGHT PEACE TO OUR UNDERSEA WORLD!

I'M TAKING YOU BACK TO THE 'PEN' AND THIS TIME YOU WON'T ESCAPE!

WHEN YOU LAND, YOU'RE GOING TO BE A LONG WAY FROM HOME!



NEXT MONTH THE RED TORPEDO HAS A THRILLING UNDERSEA ADVENTURE... IN HIS STRANGE CRAFT, HE GOES DEEP INTO THE MYSTERIOUS DARK DEPTHS OF THE UNKNOWN WATERY WASTES.



# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE



BEHIND IN THE RACE THE BRANT WASN'T WORRIED. WITH THE LIGHT BENT OF THE SUN THE THREE RACE-FAST JOCKEYS WERE LIVE FOR THE RACE!



DOWN TO GET AHEAD OF THE RACE, NED BRANT WAS HOLDING THE LEAD. HE WAS TRAILING BEHIND OF THE OTHER CRAFT.



WE'RE PRETTY TAIL-BEATED, HOLF!

THESE FOLKS ARE TOO FAST—THEY'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO KEEP IT UP, NED!



STROKE-STROKE



ROCK-ROCK

NED BRANT WAS HOLDING THE LEAD. HE WAS TRAILING BEHIND OF THE OTHER CRAFT.



HOLF TANKRACK IS GETTING ACROSS OUR COURSE—WE'VE WE SLOW DOWN WE'LL CRASH!

STEADY—STOP FIDDLING—SAGE TOWARD ME—I THINK I CAN SPOT THEIR PLAN!



YOU DID IT, HOLF!

WITH AN UNBELIEVABLY POWERFUL STROKE OF HIS PADDLE, HOLF LETS THE BOAT CUT THE WATER CRAFT OUT OF THE WATER AND OVER THE STREAM OF THE TANKRACK CRAFT...



NED BRANT WAS HOLDING THE LEAD. HE WAS TRAILING BEHIND OF THE OTHER CRAFT.



WATER, NED—WATER!

DOWN TO NED, TANKRACK, FIGURED TO BE A CHANCE TO WIN. AND GASTRACK, WHEN AN UNEXPECTED SURPRISE BOAT VICTORY ENDED ON TO THE THIRD LINE...



DOWN WITH A BLOODHOUND REPORT THE CRAFT WERE BEING LEFT THERE. DOWN THE WATER, AS THEY SHOOT OVER THE THIRD LINE... THE WINNERS!



# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

GUITE A FEW FRESHMEN IN TOWN!  
LET'S SEE WHETHER  
THEY'VE LEARNED  
THEIR PLACE.

WELL,  
AND I  
AM  
RIGHT  
WITH  
YOU,  
BOB.

HERE COMES  
A LIKELY  
LOOKING ONE,  
NED.

HE SURE  
REARS THAT  
ORISH CAP AT  
A JAWNTY  
ANGLE.

AND WHAT MIGHT  
YOUR NAME BE,  
MY FINE FELLOW?

THERE IS  
NO QUESTION  
ABOUT IT - MY  
NAME IS KEARNEY  
CLAYTON.

GENTLEMEN, AN AMAZINGLY  
CLEVER CHAP HAS COME  
TO CARTER!

BEAR  
IN MIND  
THAT  
CARTER HAS  
A SPECIAL  
TREATMENT  
FOR  
STARTLINGLY  
BRILLIANT  
NEWCOMERS.

I SEE YOU HAVE  
A HEALTHY LOAD  
OF BOOKS THERE,  
THINKING ONE.

THEY LOOK  
MORE LIKE  
A MARGE  
CORE WOULD  
HELP.

KNOWEST THOU THE GENERAL ORDER  
REGARDING FRESHMEN AND BOOKS,  
MY SCINTILLATING INFANT?

I  
DO.

THE!  
SCRAM!

AND KEEP THOSE  
BOOKS ON YOUR  
HEAD!

IT IS TRADITIONAL  
AT CARTER THAT  
ALL FRESHMEN  
MUST UPON A  
COMMAND TO "SCRAM"  
PUT THEIR BOOKS  
ON THEIR HEADS  
AND RUN BACKWARD  
UNTIL THEY ARE  
OUT OF SIGHT -

HEY,  
FRESHMAN -  
LOOK OUT  
FOR  
TRAFFIC!

GOSH - HE  
THINKS WE'RE  
KIDDING - HE'S  
BACKING RIGHT  
INTO THE  
STREET!

ONLY MET THINKING AROUND  
A BUYING TRUCKLE, THERE, THERE, HIS LENGTH,  
SHARPED HOLD TO PREVENT AN ACCIDENT!

SORRY I HAD TO DO THAT -  
BUT IT WAS THE ONLY  
WAY TO STOP  
HIM!

YOU'RE THE  
MAD HOLE OF  
CARTER, AIN'T  
YOU? WELL, HAVE  
SOME FOOTBALL  
TEAM WITH YOU  
AND BRANT  
AND BRINKS  
ON IT!



# NED BRANT

A BOY  
SUPPOSE

WAS FASTER  
THAN  
NED BRANT!

WAS  
FASTER  
THAN NED  
BRANT!

WAS  
FASTER  
THAN NED  
BRANT!

WHY  
WASTE  
ABOUT IT?  
LET'S TAKE  
A LOOK

COME—  
THE TEAM  
REACTING  
RIGHT  
NOW

I STILL SAY THAT WOLF WILL  
BE A GREATER STAR THAN  
EITHER NED OR NED

THEY  
TELL ME  
COACH BRANT  
IS REALLY  
FITTING THE  
BLAST ON  
THE REELERS  
FOR THE WAY  
WOLF IS  
WILD!

YES, THIS IS MY FIRST TEAM, ALL RIGHT—I REMEMBER YOU HOW  
—BUT I CAN'T GET IT OUT OF MY MIND THAT THE TEAM I COACHED  
COULD BRING DOWN A BALL CARRIER WITHOUT CHANGING A PITY  
AND COVERING IT WITH TIGER AND BRANCHES!

NOW LET'S SEE IF SOME  
ONE OF YOU—ANYONE—  
CAN TACKLE WOLF BEFORE  
HE IS NEARING THE CITY  
LIMITS!

COME  
ON, WOLF—  
I'LL TRY  
BARKER!

NOT  
THIS  
TIME,  
YOU  
BOY!

SAY YOU  
DON'T NEED  
EXPERIENCE  
WOLF—JUST  
LOOK FOR  
SAUCY  
STUFFING!

THEY ARE BRANT MEN—STILL  
KINDING IN THE GAME, NED BRANT  
WANTS WOLF AND THE OTHERS  
IN THE GAME!

IT  
WONDER  
IF THEY  
ARE  
ALL ON THE  
GROUND  
TOGETHER

NICE  
TACKLE,  
NED!

OUTMARCHING THE DEFENSE,  
NED KILLS AGAINST THE DRILLING  
SON OF THE WOLF WITH A BRILLIANT  
LUNING TACKLE!

GENTLEMEN, YOU HAVE BEEN  
CONCEALING SOMETHING FROM ME—  
THERE IS ONE IN YOUR MIND WHO  
CAN EXECUTE A TACKLE PROPERLY—  
AGAINST FIGHT NEXT WEEK—I  
SHALL EXPECT SOME SURPRISES  
LIKE THIS!



# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE



Ned Brant is continued in the December issue of CRACK COMICS—on sale November 1st.



# Alias THE Spider

THROUGH THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT A CHARGING FIGURE STREAKS FROM THE DARKNESS... THE TWANG OF A BOW-STRING AND A RANGING SEAL IS OFF.



THE BOW-SQUAD IS NOW ANSWERED BY A MACHINE GUN BLAST FROM A FLEEING CAR...



I'LL GET EVERY LAST ONE OF YOU... REMEMBER THAT!



YOU'VE ONLY ESCAPED ME FOR THE TIME BEING... I'LL LAUGH LAST!



HAW! MISTER SMART-SPIDER DIDN'T STOP US FROM GETTIN' ADAMS' WIFE! AN' SHE WON'T TALK IN COURT THORRA! AN' HOW!



IS MY MOTHER! IS SHE O-DEAD?



NO, SON... JUST BADLY HURT!

EASY NOW... I'LL TAKE YOU TO MY HOME... YOU'LL BE SAFE THERE!



OH... THEY KILLED MY HUSBAND BECAUSE HE KNEW TOO MUCH ABOUT THAT ROCCO FLINT!

BUT ROCCO'S MOB WON'T HARM YOU, MRS. ADAMS... I'LL SEE TO THAT!



YOU'RE HOME EARLY, BOSS



YES, CHUCK... HELD ME IN WITH MRS. ADAMS!

WHO DID 'ROCCO FLINT'S IT, BOSS? MOB!







ONE HOUR LATER.....







YEP, SERGEANT... BETTER TELL THE HOSPITALS I HAVE AN AMBULANCE READY... BECAUSE I THINK THAT SPIDER HIMSELF IS DRIVING THE BLACK WIDOW!



AND THE BLURRED BULLET LIKE SHARP HEADS FOR A SLUM SECTION OF THE CITY



WHIM... THIS FOOL TRUCK DRIVER IS RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD!



I HATED TO TAKE THAT POLE DOWN, BUT... NOW... DOCCO'S SALAGE IS AT THE END OF THIS STREET...



LOOK! WHAT'S THIS THING COMING AT US?

BEHOLD! THE BLACK WIDOW!



LOOK AT THE SOURCE!



THE BLACK WIDOW COMES TO A STOP!

OH, RATS! WHERE'S YOUR BOSS?

THE SPIDER HIMSELF!



THE BOSS AIN'T HERE! AN' YOU WON'T BE HERE IN ABOUT ONE SECOND!



PUT THAT GUN AWAY!

AND BEFORE THE TRUCK CAN FIRE A FLAMING SEAL HAS WHISTLED FORTH... AND DUE DEEPLY INTO HIS GUN HAND!













Follow the fast moving action of Alias The Spider in the December issue of CRACK COMICS.



# LEE PRESTON

OF THE

# RED CROSS



A WHOLE TOWN IS BURIED  
BENEATH THE MOLTEN LAVA  
WHEN A VOLCANO ERUPTS  
ON THE ISLAND OF NOA, IN  
THE SOUTH PACIFIC...



THE RED CROSS SENDS  
IMMEDIATE AID TO THE  
STRICKEN NATIVES...

WE HAVE AMPLE  
CONTRIBUTIONS  
SO YOU  
WILL  
LEAVE  
AT  
ONCE!



IN HER SMALL AMBULANCE  
PLANE ZOOMING TO THE  
RESCUE FLIES...



LEE PRESTON, PSYCH-  
LESS NURSE-  
AVIATRIX...



AS SHE DETERMINES  
TO LAND LEE RETRACTS  
THE WHEELS OF HER  
AMBULANCE...

GREAT HEAVENS!  
THERE'S NOT MUCH  
LEFT OF THAT  
POOR TOWN!



WILLFULLY SHE  
BRINGS HER SHIP  
DOWN ON THE  
ROCK...



AND TAXIS TO A FULL  
STOP...



NOW, TO CONTACT  
DR. GRAYSON... HE'S  
IN CHARGE HERE!





BOOK SHE IS AT MOON TRENT  
HAS THE PICTURE.



LEE AND DR. GRAYSON LEAP INTO AN AMBULANCE AND HEART FOR THE HILL.



OVER THE STEAMING LAVA THEY SPEED AS THOUGH ACROSS THE INEADTHLY TERRAIN OF A STRANGE PLANET.



A WEAK VOICE DIRECTS THEM TO THE SPOT...



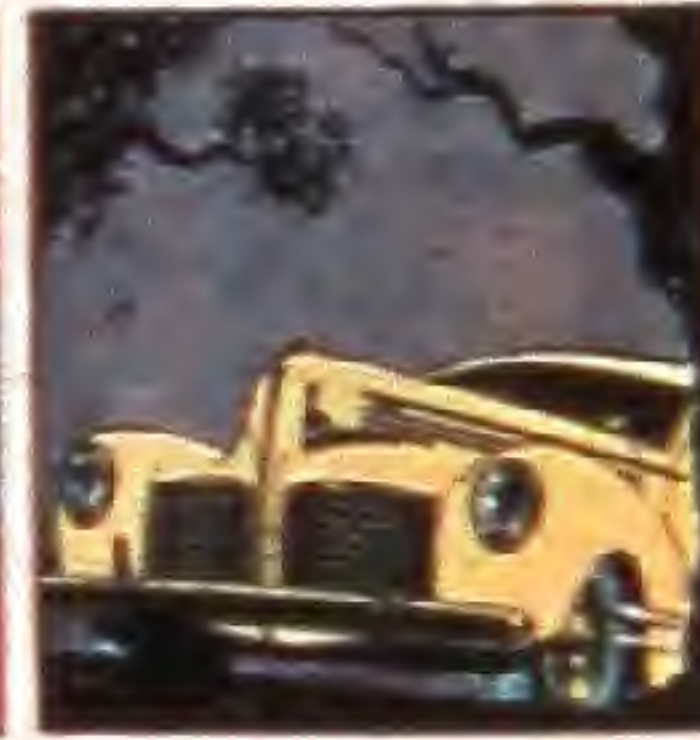
LEE AND GRAYSON DISCOVER A TUNNEL UNDER THE HOUSE.



THEY SPEED BACK TO THE PORT, WHERE A BOAT IS WAITING TO TAKE THE WOUNDED TO A HOSPITAL.









HE ROARS OUT OF THE CAR.



LISTEN, I'VE HAD ENOUGH NONSENSE FROM YOU TWO! ONE MORE MOVE AND I BLOW YOUR HEADS OFF!



BUT A BUMP IN THE ROAD JOLTS THE DRIVER FROM HIS SEAT, AND...



I'LL TAKE THE WHEEL, DOCTOR!



AND I'LL TAKE THE REEL!

LEE HOLDS THE CAR TO ITS COURSE AS IT WHIRTLES DOWN A STEEP HILL...



TAKE THAT! AND THAT! PLUS THAT!



O.K., LEE! HE'S THROUGH!

THE CROOK IS SOON LANDED OVER TO THE ISLAND AUTHORITIES.



AND LEE TAKES OFF WITH DR. GRAYSON TO REPORT AT THE HOSPITAL...



THE DUNE TIPS NERVOUSLY AS SHE LEAVES THE DOCK...



BUT SHE MANAGES TO STRAIGHTEN FOR A SWIFT CLIMB...



WOULD LIKE TO THINK YOUR NERVES WERE UNSTEADY BECAUSE OF ME.



DOCTOR!

THE ISLAND ADVENTURE IS SOON FORGOTTEN AS THEY WING INTO THE SUNSET...



LEE PRESTON RETURNS IN ANOTHER EXCITING ADVENTURE IN NEXT MONTH'S CRACK COMICS!

Another thrilling adventure of Lee Preston in the December issues of CRACK COMICS.



# SLAP HAPPY PAPPY

AND I'M LITTLE NOORALGIA.

THE CIRCUS HAS COME TO TOWN AND NATURALLY DADDY HAS TO SNOOP AROUND.

SAY THIS MIGHT BE A JOB FOR ME! AH AIN'T A LADY, BUT AHM BEARDED!



WITH ONE OF MAMMY'S OLD DRESSES, I'LL LAND THAT JOB!



WOO WOO! AH HOPE THE CIRCUS MANAGER LIKES ME!



HOWDY, MR. MANAGER! AH WOULD LIKE...

A BEARDED LADY! MADAME THE JOB IS YOURS! COME, I'LL ACQUAINT YOU WITH YOUR DUTIES!



THIS IS MISS NOORALGIA, OUR LADY KNIFE-THROWER. SHE HATES MEN, SO WE HAFTA USE A WOMAN FOR HER TO THROW KNIVES AT...

HI YA, MATTRESS MOUTH!



AND WE'VE ALWAYS USED A BEARDED LADY, SO YOU BETTER START REHEARSING YOUR ACT WITH MISS NOORALGIA RIGHT NOW!



WOT IF SHE FINDS OUT AH AIN'T A LADY?



BECAUSE YOU ARE A WOMAN I WEEEL TELL YOU A SECRET. I INTEND TO MURDER ALL TH' MEN IN THEES CIRCUS! I WEEEL START WEEETH TH' TRAPEZE ARTEEST TONIGHT!



AH CANT LET HER DO THIS! AH GOTTA SAVE TH' TRAPEZE ARTIST... BUT HOW?



I'LL HAFTA SWING OVER TO WARN HIM!

AS THE TRAPEZE ARTIST GOES THROUGH HIS ACT THAT NIGHT...

























# THE BEAST OF BURMA

By Fanny S. S. S.

"So you've come?"

The flat, lifeless voice came from a point about two feet above the big teakwood desk. It was where a man's head would be—were a man sitting there. But no man sat there!

"You Americans are brave," said the voice again, with a touch of mockery. "Or perhaps just foolish, eh?"

Eric Vale stared at the area from which the dead-sounding voice emanated, and nodded briefly.

"I have come," he said, "as I promised. You have a mission for me, sir?"

"Aye," answered the ghost. "Have you ever hunted tigers, Eric Vale?"

"I have not."

"It is just as well," said the voice.

Eric looked puzzled. "Do I understand, sir," he said, "that I'm to go bagging tigers? I thought—"

"One tiger," cut in the voice. "Ah, but what a tiger! A devil cat with the brain of a crafty madman. You may still refuse the mission, my friend."

Eric's eyes flashed. "I accept," he stated crisply.

"Good," came the emotionless reply. "You'll leave tomorrow. You'll go by elephant to Nampang, where my headman will give you further instructions. Allah go with you, Eric Vale!"

Eric, a little stunned, turned and started across the room. Magically a tall Kashmiri servant appeared and led him out of the room.

Outside, Eric hailed a taxi and directed the driver to his hotel. He

needed some time to think. He had been warned to accept no task set by Shak-amah, owner of Burma's largest teak industry. Why did the man conceal his identity? It was said that no one had ever seen Shak-amah's face.

The mahout was competent. But the farther they penetrated into the steaming Burmese jungle the more Eric thought about his weird employer. Why all this mysticism about tracking down a man-eating tiger?

Sahm-ouyn, the headman, received Eric cordially enough, but there was a furtiveness about the man that didn't set well with Eric.

That first night in the great teak camp was one Eric would never forget. He had been assigned to a rather spacious dāk-bungalow. He retired early. The natives held a celebration that lasted far past midnight. It was their way of demonstrating joy that the "great sahib" was there to kill the man-eater. Eric awoke several times during the night and each time the feeling that some menace hovered over him grew.

At breakfast, he tried to engage Sahm-ouyn in conversation but the headman kept his silence. Immediately after his bowl of curry and coffee, Eric organized a party of beasers and set off on his first tiger hunt. He invited Sahm-ouyn to accompany him but the headman stated bluntly that he was going up the river.

"It is there, sahib," said he, "that the devil cat comes to drink each

night." Then he left, carrying his rifle. Eric thought it strange that the man refused to take beasers.

The hunt proved fruitless. Sahm-ouyn returned to camp a half hour after Eric and his party had entered the thornbrush boma. The headman said nothing, going straight to his quarters. He acted more furtive than ever.

Eric went to sleep that night pondering the eerie circumstances surrounding this tiger hunt, and vowed that the morrow would bring forth results. He had hardly fallen to sleep, however, when a terrific scream blazed the quiet. He leaped up, grabbing his rifle. The camp was all confusion. A group of natives milled around a small area.

"What happened?" Eric demanded. The group parted and then



he saw a man lying on the ground, moaning in pain.

"The devil cat—he come—he get away!" they cried in terror.

"Which way did he go?"

They pointed to a rent in the thorn fence about six feet above the ground. Eric inspected that rent next morning and shook his head. There was not a single cat hair clinging to the sharp thorns.

The native died. His throat had been torn and his chest was riven



with claws. There was something about those slits that seemed odd to Eric: they were not deep, such as claws would make. Rather they were like . . . Eric had a sudden, horrible thought. But no, it couldn't be that . . .

Sahm-ouyn left the compound early the next morning. Eric rounded up his beaters and explored several square miles of jungle bordering the camp. They found no indications of the presence of the tiger.

That night tragedy struck again. The attack came shortly after midnight. Eric heard the man's scream, and as he rushed from his quarters he saw a tawny streak sail over the fence. As they clustered about the mangled form of the victim, Sahm-ouyn joined them. He was disbelieved and breathing hard.

"Missed him," he panted. "Allah, what a devil he is!"

Eric was conscious of a strange force emanating from the man, a force evil and insidious. But there was no time to dally. He called his beaters.

"Come on," he said. "It rained yesterday; he should be easy to track." They set off through the hot, silent night. There were plenty of beast tracks in the soft earth, but none that looked like tiger imprints. What manner of beast was it that left no trail?

Sahm-ouyn departed on his solitary hunt again that day. He looked haggard and tired and was in a nasty humor. Eric waited until the rangy form of the headman had disappeared, then he fell in behind him. For a dozen miles Sahm-ouyn set a hard pace. Toward evening he vanished in a clump of thick banyans. Eric approached the cover warily, then began crashing through it. There was no sign of Sahm-ouyn.

An hour later a ruined temple loomed in the fading light and Eric skirted its thick walls three times

before he discovered an opening. A large courtyard lay beyond and, sitting cross-legged on the ground, was an old dervish priest, mumbling a chant. Two slim girls danced some ceremonial dance nearby.

Eric kept himself hidden and as he watched the strange ritual a dark shadow sprang from the wall of the courtyard. The girls screamed as the beast lit among them. Eric raised his pistol and fired twice. The tiger snarled and lashed out at the shrieking girls. Then he leaped over the wall.

Eric had paid no attention to the old priest. Now he saw him hurl a long spear at the retreating form of the big cat. It struck the beast in the back. The next moment it was gone, crashing away through the tangled undergrowth.



"You hit him!" cried Eric. The old priest nodded.

"It is the will of Allah," he chanted. "The devil cat will die during the light of the moon."

One of the girls had been slightly mauled and Eric bandaged the rip in her forearm. Then he set out in the wake of the tiger. Before he had gone a mile he heard his beaters yelling. They informed him that they had seen the tiger, but that he'd got away. Sahm-ouyn was in the group. He had been torn by the great cat and his shoulder was bleeding profusely. Eric found the old priest's spear lying in the brush; the cat had torn it loose from its flesh.

Back at camp, Sahm-ouyn went immediately to his quarters. He refused any medical attention for his wound and then, Eric thought, seemed quite odd. That night the headman set off on another of his one-man hunts.

Eric had ordered two runners to take a report to Shak-amah in the morning. They left an hour before dawn. They had hardly gone beyond the thorn boma when one of them screamed. Then a rifle roared twice, and one of the runners came tearing into the compound.

"I got him!" he cried in Hindustani. "I shot the devil cat!"

Eric followed the entire camp outside. Sure enough, there he lay, twitching, a monstrous tiger. In the semi-darkness he seemed like an unreal thing, his ponderous jaws agape. As he stepped closer, the swirling mists of dawn lifting, a strange thing happened. The cat features fell away. It was as if a curtain lifted. The tiger became a man.

"Sahm-ouyn!" Eric cried. "You fool, you've shot the headman!"

"No, no!" the native exclaimed. "Allah is my witness. I shot the devil cat. He is one and the same, as the dervish priest said. Sahm-ouyn was accursed. He changed himself into a devil cat at will. Allah akbar!"

It was not within the realm of an Occidental's reasoning. Eric simply didn't "get" it. One thing was certain, though. The wound in Sahm-ouyn's shoulder had been made by a spear. There was a disk tied around his neck that was cause for further surprise. On it was the single word, "SHAK-AMAH." They were one and the same!

They were—the beast of Burma!

**JUNGLE BUTZNERED**  
ANOTHER EXCITING  
**ERIC VALE STORY**  
APPEARS IN DECEMBER ISSUE  
OF CRACK COMICS ON SALE NOV. 11



# Rube Goldberg's SIDE SHOW

**SALOONRY RULES FOR DINING... SERIES # 83042E**

WHEN PUTTING YOUR SHOES BACK ON AFTER A FORMAL DINNER, DO NOT FORGET TO REMOVE YOUR NEIGHBORS OLIVE PITTS....



OUR SPECIAL INVENTION OR HOW NOT TO FORGET YOUR RUBBERS WHEN YOU STEP ON BILLS "A" LAUGHING GAS "B" CAUSES BABY HYENA "C" TO GET HYSTERICAL AND TOPPLE OVER. RAZOR "D" CUTS STRINGS "E" TOY SOLDIER "F" DROPS FINGER "G" TURNS ON SWITCH "H" SOLDIER DROPS INTO RUBBERS "I" AND WALKS AFTER YOU... AS WARNING BELL "J" RINGS.



**EEKK! AM I THAT HEAVY!!!**

**LITTLE BUTCH**



**CANDID CARTOON**

LISSEN ALEX-I HEAR THAT OIL STOCKS ARE THE THING TO BUY RIGHT NOW!

THANKS FOR THE TIP JAKE!



OH! AIN'T IT AWFUL! THOSE GUNS ARE KILLING EACH OTHER!

WHY DON'T THEY STOP THIS SLAUGHTER! POOR JAKE IS IN AGONY!

**THE BOYS PUT ON THEIR ACT**

**CRACK COMICS**



NOW FOR ROLL CALL--

JOHN ZERO...GREGORY WAFFLE...ZIGGY MINTZ... OTTO ROTUNDA...SAM PORCH...ANTHONY BRASSPLATE...JOHN

HERE! HERE! HERE! HERE! HERE! HERE! HERE!



BUT-MY DEAR COMRADES-- WHY ARE YOU BUMPING ME OFF LIKE THIS?

BLAME IT ON WILBUR!



**MARJORIE HAPPINESS**

CURVINGTON MARNE MADE A TRY FOR MOVIES WITH HER PHYSICAL CHARMS...



**WHILE EFFIE DE GAB**

FOR A POSITIVE FACT, TOOK A VERY HARD COURSE AND LEARNED HOW TO ACT...



**BUT WHEN MARGIE**

DID APPEAR ON THE SCREEN... THIS IN A HEAVILY OVER-DRESSED SCENE...



**WHILE EFFIE WHO**

KNEW EVERY STAGE TWIST AND TWIRL IN THE MOVIES BECAME JUST A BATHING GIRL!





# WIZARD WELLS

*Miracle Man of Science*

RAY OF  
DEATH

WIZARD WELLS, FORMER  
AMERICAN HALF-  
BROD, HAS NOW BECOME  
OUR FOREMOST AVANTUR  
ACCIDENTALLY GOING  
INTO CRIMINOLOGY, HE  
HAS SOLVED CASE AFTER  
CASE THRU HIS KNOW-  
LEDGE OF SCIENCE,  
AND THE "AID" OF  
TUG, HIS CAREFREE  
HELPER.

ANOTHER SOCIETY GAME  
KICKS IN! READ ALL  
ABOUT IT!

HERE, BOY!

WHAT'S UP,  
WIZ?

ANOTHER  
WEALTHY  
WOMAN DIED  
MYSTERIOUSLY  
TUG?



IN EVERY CASE  
THE VICTIM SHOWED  
SYMPTOMS OF  
CANCER OR  
RADIUM  
BURNS!

AIN'T  
THAT  
MARY  
PERRY  
AHEAD?



IT IS! I WONDER  
WHO THAT  
FREAK IS?

O' GUY  
WITH  
O' TONEL  
AROUND  
HIS HEAD?



NOTICE THE PSYCHOPATHIC  
GLEAM IN HIS EYE?

YOU MEAN,  
HE'S BATTY?



THE STRANGER PASSES WELLS

FINALLY, WELLS OVERTAKES MARY.

HELLO, MARY!

WIZARD  
WELLS AND  
TUG!



WHO WAS THAT  
STRANGE MAN  
MARY?

STRANGE!  
HE'S  
WONDERFUL!  
HE'S THE  
MASTER!  
MASTER  
OF WHAT?



YES, HE'S THE OM OF THE  
PADME CULT! I'M ONE  
OF HIS DISCIPLES!

THIS SOUNDS  
BAD!

BUT WHO IS HE?



HE'S JUST ASTRO, THE  
MASTER! YOU SHOULD  
SEE HIM IN THE TEMPLE,  
WIZ!

I'D LIKE  
TO!



ALL RIGHT, CALL FOR ME  
AT 8:00, AND WE'LL GO  
TO THE MEETING  
TOGETHER, TONIGHT!

FINE!







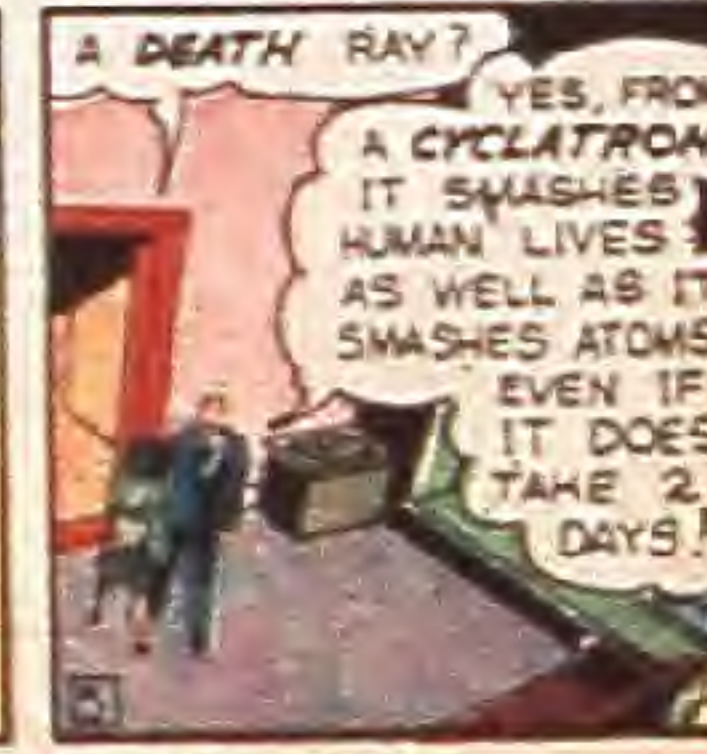






















# THE CLOCK



GEORGE E. BROWNER

THE POLICE AND THE PEOPLE OF A BIG CITY ARE AT THE MERCY OF THE 'ROBBERS FROM HADES,' UNTIL FATE DOUBLE CROSSES THEM BY BRINGING THEM FACE TO FACE WITH THE CLOCK AND HIS DOUBLE, PUG BODDY--



THE WASTING FIGURE OF A MAN STAGGERS THROUGH THE STREETS.....



ANA-ANA-ANA

ACCIDENTALLY HE BUMPS INTO ANOTHER MAN--



AHA-AHA-AHA

HEY, WATCH-- YEOWW!



THAT GUY'S BLONDING UP-- HE'S RED HOT!!

HE MAKES HIS WAY INTO POLICE HEADQUARTERS....



DYAN-STOP THIS-THIS MAN!



AHA-AHA-AHA

OWW!!-WHAT TH'??











UNKNOWN  
TO THE CLOCK,  
THE THREE  
KIDNAPPERS  
REVEAL  
IN TIME  
TO FOLLOW  
HIM--



AS THE CLOCK  
FADES INTO THE  
SHADOW OF  
THE BOOTH,  
THE SECOND  
MAN FIRES  
POINT BLANK  
THROUGH  
THE GLASS  
DOOR--



AND D-B TODDLES OUT DEAD,  
A VICTIM OF HIS OWN GANG--



AND AS THE CLOCK COMES  
THROUGH THE DOOR--





PUG ARRIVES  
AT THE SCENE  
IN TIME  
TO SEE  
THE MERT  
BODY OF  
THE CLOCK  
PUT INTO A  
CAR.

OH-OH, THE BOSS  
IS IN DANGER—  
I'LL FOLLOW!

THEY'RE  
SLOWING  
UP!

SO THAT'S  
THE HIDE-OUT, EH!

AND  
INSIDE

MASTER, WE  
BRING YOU BRIAN  
O'BRIEN, AND HE  
IS RESPONSIBLE  
FOR THE DEATH  
OF D-3!

SO WHAT? HE  
LOOKS CAPABLE  
OF DOING THE  
WORK OF TWO  
MEN, AND HE  
WILL!

TIE HIM UP  
AND LEAVE!

WHEN I INJECT THIS  
SOLUTION INTO YOU, O'BRIEN,  
YOU TOO WILL BE  
MY SLAVE!

YOU  
FIEND—

I KNOW YOU NOW!  
YOU'RE KNOWN AS THE  
'DEVIL,' LEADER OF A GANG  
OF THIEVES  
CALLED 'THE  
ROBBERS'  
FROM HADES—

YES, AND YOU ARE ABOUT  
TO BECOME ONE OF US—  
YOU WILL BE  
D-35, TAKING THE  
PLACE OF THE  
TWO MEN  
I LOST!

YES, MY FRIEND,  
YOU WILL BE A VICTIM  
OF THE INFERNAL  
HEAT—HEH-HEH-  
HEH—

AND THE DEADLY NEEDLE  
PLUNGES DEEP INTO THE  
ARM OF THE CLOCK.



AT THIS MOMENT DUG BREAKS INTO THE ROOM---

DUG! -GET THIS FIEND!

WHA'??

WITH PLEASURE!

DUG, THE DAMAGE IS DONE, SO BEFORE I PASS ON, I WANT THIS MOB TO KNOW WHO THEY WERE UP AGAINST - DID YOU BONG A MASK?

YES!

AT THE SAME TIME THAT BRIAN OBIDEN DOES THE BLACK SILK SYMBOL THAT THROWS FEAR INTO THE HEARTS OF ALL LAW BREAKERS, THE MASTER COMES TO---

D-I-2-5-HELP!

WHY - HE'S - THE CLOCK, GET HIM!

SOCK!

YAAAAA-

THAT CLEANS UP THIS GANG, BOSS?

THE LEADER, WHERE IS HE? - LISTEN!

FOOTSTEPS! RUNNING UPSTAIRS - DUG, TAKE CARE OF THOSE BABIES!





Another exciting episode of The Clock in the December issue of CRACK COMICS.



# BE A COWBOY!

YOU GETTUM  
CARBINE LIKE  
RED RYDER'S  
HEAD SOON!

Little  
Beaver

I JUST RODE INTO YOUR  
DEALER'S STORE WITH A  
LOT OF MY NEW  
COWBOY CARBINES—  
GET YOURS, PARTNER!

Red Ryder

USE  
RING AND  
THUMB TO  
GUN TO SADDLE  
OR HANG ON  
TO WALL

## Get this New SADDLE GUN RED RYDER 1000-SHOT CARBINE

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GOLDEN FRONT SIGHT  
LIGHTNING-LOOSE IN-  
VENTION—pull 1000 shot  
in 28 seconds!

GOLDEN-BANDER FORE-  
PIECE

CARBINE LITTLE FORE-  
PIECE—improved, full  
length hand hold

ADJUSTABLE DOUBLE-  
NOTCH REAR SIGHT

RED RYDER'S VICTUAL  
SIGNATURE AND HORSE  
"THUNDER" BRANDS ON  
METAL-GRIP TRIGGER

14 inch Leather Saddle  
Thong Buckled to Waist  
and Carbine Ring



Meet  
**FRED HARMAN!**

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and the other boys  
and girls who  
play the game of  
Red Ryder, are  
all here, and you  
can see them all  
in the new book  
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